

The Twins (alternate take) by DoctorpooandtheTURDIS

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Summary:

A drunken one-night stand *meant* to get her back with Mike leaves Elena Byers to pick up the pieces, and reevaluate just how she feels about her "big" (only by fourteen minutes, thank you) brother.

1. Chapter 1

A sudden clap of thunder, coupled with the torrential sound of the rain outside, suddenly jolted Elena Byers from her sleep. Like a computer booting up for the first time after a long while, she returned to awareness slowly, groggily.

Moving slowly, she reached up to rub a bit of sleep out of the corner of her eye and forced her brown orbs open. It was dark, the only source of real light being the alarm clock on the bedside table. She was still in her room, although...

She took a breath as she felt something press into her slightly. She relaxed quite quickly, however. This was her room, her bed, and both parties were naked. One of his arms was looped under her side, the other draped over her other side, in a weak, sleepy embrace.

El smiled as she realized what must've happened. There was a... party, yesterday, right. Something meant to help her make back up with Mike.

Obviously, it must've worked.

El scooted back slightly, letting herself mesh with Mike, as she brought her hand up to loop her fingers with his. Unconsciously, Mike's hand tightened in response, and her smile deepened, even as she closed her eyes and prepared to go back to sleep.

At least... that was before she smelled him.

Her eyes snapped open as the scent brushed across her nose. She recognized that smell anywhere, it wasn't the kind of bodywash Mike used...

Swallowing, and moving slowly, El slowly worked up the courage to get herself to turn around. She didn't want to, but she *had* to. Otherwise... well, who knows.

Gulping, El gingerly turned around, and her heart leapt into her throat when she saw the silhouetted face in the darkness. Even in this

low light, she could see him.

Will... her brother.

...what the hell *happened* last night?

Her breathing sped up as she spun around to face away from him. She was paralyzed with shock, confusion, and a little bit of disgust, as she brought her hand up to cover her mouth.

She knew she'd been drinking, but enough to do... this?

She couldn't- well, she just *couldn't*. She couldn't anything, however strange that sounds.

How rowdy had the party gotten? What made her think it was a good idea to do... this? And most importantly, *had anybody seen them?*

"Mmm..." Will suddenly stirred. "Shut up, you're being loud..." He grumbled.

"I'm *thinking* about how much shit we're in, dip-ass." El forced through gritted teeth.

"I can hear you breathing." Will retorted. "It's like a computer trying to run Crysis."

El scowled. "Fuck you."

Will laughed, leaning close enough to her ear for his breath to tickle her, sending a shiver down her spine. "Oh, you did... you certainly did."

"Oh my *God*." El frustratedly grunted, partly to him, but to herself as well. Why wasn't she *moving*? Sure, she loved him, but not like *that*... well, about that part, she was dead wrong. Truth is, she didn't want to move.

It was her room, and her bed.

"Will, get the fuck out." She ordered.

“Aww, come on, really?” Will whined. “I’m comfy...”

“Will, you’re naked, if you don’t get out *now*, I will make you *hurt*.” El growled.

“Fine, fine...” He sighed, moving to do as he was told. “Obviously, you’ve got some stuff you need to think on.” He moved around to her front, looking her up and down, before he kissed her on the cheek. “I don’t regret it.” Was all he said, before going at last.

El gulped, hiding under her blankets.

She had a lot to think on.

Notes for the Chapter:

Here be my [Tumblr](#), yar!

2. Chapter 2

The first thing that El had to do was think. Think and remember about what led them both up to that point.

So, El started to retrace her steps, mentally, while also thinking back on her interactions with Will... if it was a spur of the moment thing, or something... else. She hoped it was the former, because while she could admit he was a little bit attractive, in that dorky, nerdy way, like Grant Gustin in *The Flash*, she couldn't reconcile that with the fact that he was her *twin*. Her... idiot brother who needed her help to find his own *arms* in the morning.

They'd been shacked up together for a while now. No special reason, other than it was the most pragmatic option. Neither of them made enough money working on their own for their own places, but together they could scrape by, just *barely*. Which is why they were able to get away with the party at all.

God damn... the party. That was the spark that lit the fire, so to speak. The party wasn't a very *big* affair, and the purpose behind it wasn't very... altruistic.

It had all started about... six months ago.

Will had made it home from work first. He was doing construction, very blue-collar work, but it paid well, and he lucked out most times being the man on the ground looking out for everybody else. It was boring as shit, but, he got paid to stand around for six hours, or transport materials back and forth, and that was pretty much it. He didn't have to go high up, or get on one of those godforsaken swing stages.

He was sitting on the couch, nursing his sore legs by kicking them up on the couch, keeping his feet above the rest so the blood kept flowing.

The door swung open and slammed, and that was when El came walking in, crying severely.

Immediately, despite the aching in his legs, Will shot to his feet, and closed the distance.

“El?” Will asked, worriedly looking her over in case she was hurt. “What’s wrong? Are you hurt? Do you need to go to the doctor? I can-“

“No, no-“ El sniffled, her face twisting in anguish. “Mike broke up with me.”

“He what?” Will demanded. “What did he do!? Why the hell would he-!?” He cut himself off, growling in rage. “Oh, that stupid, no-for-good dickhead, I’m gonna kill him for this!”

“No, no, don’t-“ El pleaded, yanking him back. “He... he... it’s fine Will, seriously...”

“El,” Will looked at her seriously. “What happened?”

“He wanted to go out to lunch today while I was at work.” El recalled, looking into her glass of coke. “Came into the laundromat while I was on my shift, pulled me away so we could go eat... he started talking about next steps and all that and then he asked me to move in with him.”

“Move in!?” Will repeated.

El nodded, staring ahead. “Mmm-hmm... I told him no. That I wasn’t ready for that... that even if I was, you still wouldn’t be able to manage on your own... and then he got angry. Red-in-the-face. He started saying all these things and then asked me who was more important to me, you or him.”

Will scowled, the urge to hunt Mike down for it growing by the second. “That’s insane! There’s no reason why he should’ve put you on the spot like that!”

“He did.” El weakly shrugged. “And, uh... well, he didn’t like my answer.”

Will tilted his head. “Sorry?”

“I told him that...” She cleared her throat, stopping entirely.

“Told him what?”

“I said, you, moron.” El finally rolled her eyes. “God, graduated with honors and he needs everything spelled out for him.”

Will tilted his head with a slight, honored smile. “Really?”

“Well, duh.” El huffed again. “We promised to look out for each other since getting out of Hawkins, remember?”

Oh, right, Will did remember... Hawkins was such a hellhole, and their dad was such a controlling, manipulative asshole that the two decided the moment they graduated high school, they were out. They saved up enough money together, cleverly, to buy an old Chevy G20, and then got the hell out of dodge. They’d lived out of that thing for the first six months or so, having to use a power converter to power a space heater during the winters, along with the tiny fridge for their food, and the hot plates for cooking it. A gym membership gave them a source of showers, as well as a place for physical exercise, until they could get on their feet and find an actual place to stay.

It was hard work, and they had to kick, fight, and claw, working overtime all the time until it happened, but they did it. And here they were, in a tiny little apartment with only one bedroom, that El had taken, while Will had commandeered the living room.

And now, Mike was asking her to move in?

“El...” Will looked at her. “You know you don’t have to do anything for me-“

“But I can’t just abandon you like that!” El retorted vehemently. “It’s just me and you out here, remember? If you can’t make it on your own... there’s no one here but me.” She said, looking at him with fearful tears. “I can’t let that happen to you. Not when you’d do the same for me.”

“...ah, damnit, you’re such a stubborn, pig headed bitch, you know that?” Will sighed difficultly, flopping down.

“And you’re a crass, holier-than-thou cunt,” El retorted, wiping her tears as she chuckled. “It’s a good thing we cancel each other out... the property damage would be extreme.”

“Yeah.” Will chuckled. “What do you say you worry about Mike later?”

He suggested. “The new Godzilla movie’s out tonight, we could order a potza.”

El groaned. “Please, not Pizza Hut again...”

El felt a small smile run across her features. She remembered that night well, though oddly not because of the breakup.

She and Will traded verbal spars all night, and after finishing the new movie, had a marathon of movies they grew up with.

She woke up a few hours later, Will deep asleep and cuddling her like a giant teddy bear.

El frowned to herself as she considered the implications of it. She always acted around Will ways she never felt comfortable acting otherwise. She could be herself around him, something that not even Mike could bring out.

Spending time with her own brother made her happier than spending time with her own boyfriend ever made her.

...was that a bad thing?

Notes for the Chapter:

Here be my [Tumblr](#), yar!

3. Chapter 3

The months had gone by since the breakup, but slowly, more and more El began to feel... lost. Distant, sort of, almost empty. She *thought* it was because she was missing Mike, so she sought him back out, and that's when she made the discovery.

He'd moved on. Six months, and he'd moved on from her like it was nothing. Now he was dating some brunette named Carla or Clara or whatever.

El was *not* happy about that. Not one bit. Not that she was mad that he'd moved on, but rather that he'd done so so quickly, and without *waiting* for her to call things off.

...that was how the party got drafted up. Will's idea. A get-together to show Mike what he was missing.

And as the memories of last night slowly returned to her, El slowly began to realize what had happened... and whose fault it was.

Most of them were drunk by now. Dustin was passed out in the chair, so drunk out of his gourd that even the loud music wasn't enough to wake him. Max was in a similar state, tempered only by Lucas, and the less said about Mike and Carla, the better.

It's a good thing Lucas remained sober, cause otherwise, none of them were getting home tonight.

But a not good thing, not for El, was seeing just how into Carla Mike was. He looked at her like she was his whole world, the reason he got up in the morning, the sun that gave him life...

He looked at El like that, once, now it was all directed at someone else.

...and it made El sad. Not angry, just... downcast. She shouldn't have had to lose him just because she wasn't ready for what he wanted. But it wasn't something she'd give up on.

She made so many sacrifices over the years, fought hard to get herself and Will to where they are now, she wouldn't give that up, not for anyone.

El took a breath. Will... She looked to him over on the couch, sober as he ever was. He never drunk, not even when she was... one of them had to keep the other out of trouble, that's what he always said.

And then, El began to think. For the longest time, it was just her and him. Fighting together, living out of an old van just to save up enough to get a place of their own. Working together, paying bills, cooking for each other, cleaning...

El covered her mouth, as she realized something.

She didn't have that kind of bond with Mike. Mike was someone she fooled around with, important to her, yes, but Will... he was her rock. The one who pretty much supported her.

She couldn't leave... not because Will was keeping her there... but because if she left him, it'd be like her soul being ripped out.

That moment, El knew why it didn't work out with Mike. Mike was right, in a way. She did love Will more than him...

She loved Will. Not in the family kind of way, but... in the other kind of way. It wasn't hard to see why. They'd been living like this for three years and unconsciously, they filled a sort of husband and wife niche.

She couldn't leave Will for love, because he was her love.

El's heart began to race in her chest. It was all sorts of wrong. But... all they ever had was each other. When Lonnie got drunk, slinging around hate, it was each other they could only turn to. They only started making true friends after they got out of Hawkins. Heck, speaking of getting out of Hawkins, it was just the two of them, living out of that van, huddling together for warmth during the middle of the nights when they couldn't run the heaters without draining the battery.

El bit her lip, going to her room. It was a bad idea, but...

She needed to do this.

It was about one in the morning once everybody finally left, and when

that happened, Will decided it was time for him to turn in as well. Before he did so, he made his nightly rounds. He checked to see if the front door was locked, the windows were all closed, the lights in the bathroom were out, et cetera.

Finally, he went to go tell El goodnight. Knocking on her door, he stood there, not expecting a response.

“El?” He carefully called through. “You still up?”

“Yes...” Her voice replied from the other side.

“I’m going to bed, goodnight.” He moved to turn.

“Wait.” El ordered. “Come in here.”

Will stopped, turning around. “What, why?”

“I’ve got a... surprise.” El evasively answered. “I was... hiding it until the others left.”

“Surprise?” Will frowned in confusion, moving to turn the knob. “Why would you-“

He pushed the door open, and Will stopped, utterly shocked and befuddled by the sight on the other side.

El lay on her bed, completely naked, looking at him with the ‘come hither’ eyes.

“EL!” Will yelped, hand going quickly to cover his eyes. “What the hell is-why!? YOU’RE NAKED!”

“I am.” El sultrily replied, wiggling her feet as she adjusted her legs. No reason for it, she was already comfortable, but... well, she was still drunk and trying to rile him up.

“Why-!?” Will began, “Are you naked!? AND WHY DID YOU CALL ME IN HERE!?”

“I’ve been... thinking.” El answered, slowly getting up. She crossed the space separating them, gently grabbing onto his hand. “About what I

want... about who I want..." She said, pulling his hand down, looking into his eyes.

Will gulped, trying to close his eyes. The almost primal desire to see a naked female, regardless of who it was, forced them back open. "This isn't right- you're not in your right mind."

"...I'm saner than I've ever been." El told him, embracing him completely, as she began to lead a line of kisses up his neck and jaw. "I want this..." She huskily whispered, before going in for an actual kiss.

Will's eyes bugged out, as he found himself unable to pull away. He was always someone who never bothered too much with dating or relationships because he was always working, and when he wasn't, just too tired. Yet, here he was, a pretty woman assaulting his lips (regardless of whether or not it was his sister) without pause.

He knew it had to stop... but he didn't want it to. His arms instinctively came up, wrapping themselves around her, as El continued to press her naked body into him.

Involuntarily, Will felt his dick begin to stiffen, twitching in his pants.

Damnit, everything about this should be wrong, but... he couldn't let it stop. Not if it was what El wanted.

...never mind that a part of himself wanted it to, no matter how taboo it was.

El broke the kiss, pulling back. "These come off." She ordered, tugging his clothes.

Will wordlessly nodded, quickly freeing himself from the clothes, allowing his stiff rod to stand erect in the air.

"Oh... someone's excited..." El remarked, licking her lips as she knelt down. She started at the very end, licking around the head, before taking him in, all seven inches.

Will let out a primal groan, as his hands went to the back of her head, and he began to thrust back and forth, fucking her face like it was the most natural thing in the world.

El took him like a champion, even through her reflexive gagging.

Will felt the pressure building, and he pushed in as far as he could as his cum shot into her mouth. As he pulled out, El swallowed, taking it all down, before standing back up.

El smiled as she took Will's hand, guiding him to her bed.

El gently guided him, pushing him down, before straddling him, hovering above his hard prick. Will's cock twitched as he breathed heavily, brushing against her entrance.

Will's hands moved slowly up to her hips, rubbing up and down. She smiled at him, and he took that as permission.

Will pulled her down, impaling her on his long, thick shaft, causing El to throw her head back, letting out a loud, obscene moan.

"Mmm... El." Will let out a guttural growl, no longer caring about the ramifications of the act. He'd had sex before, sure. But it was almost always with near-total strangers who were just worried about getting their rocks off with him and nothing else.

But this? This was far, far better than any of those other encounters.

They started off slow, Will being the one to move El up and down then El herself, each rise and drop punctuated by a thrust from Will that sent shocks throughout her nervous system. Eventually, however, the two found their rhythm together, and El began to bounce on her own, riding him even as he continued thrusting in a carnal dance of ecstasy.

"F-Fuck!" El cursed as her toes curled, Will's prick splitting her and feeling like an impossible to scratch itch was finally being dealt with, sending tiny sparks throughout her.

El was riding him like a wanton lover, her dripping cunt coating his cock in her juices, providing a wet shine as each bounce lubricated him and made it easier for her to ride him like a dildo, and for him to use her as a living fleshlight.

She too knew that, societally speaking, this was wrong. That trouble didn't even begin to describe the problems this would cause. That only made the

budding pleasure gained from the act intensify. Maybe it was some sort of fight back against any sort of authority, the two never did like being told what to do after all, but perhaps it was more that she felt safe doing this with him. Even with Mike, she was wary. Not Will. He'd never hurt her, any crass language or cruelty on his part was just playful jabs that might go wrong a time or two, but he would never hurt El intentionally, unlike others.

Will, spurred by El's increasing intensity, began to paw at his counterpart's body, running his hands up and down her thighs and hips, tracing every freckle and birthmark he could find, and the other features of her body as well. His hands gently squeezed her behind, causing El to let out another gasp of surprised pleasure, before his hands went up to her breasts, squeezing them, pinching, and flicking at her rock-hard nipples.

"Shit, El." Will moaned. "You're so freaking perfect."

"Mmm..." El grunted as she rode him, groping the muscles he'd built up working in the industry he did. "So chiseled"

Will laughed, going back to focus on her hips. He always did have a hip fetish, no clue if that was her fault or what. El pushed herself up, and Will kept pushing her back down, the two working in a proverbial seesaw to get the other to finish first.

Finally, Will began to notice it happen. El's eyes became cloudy and unfocused, her motions becoming ever more rough, unsteady, almost spastic. He knew it was coming, and so, pushed into her as far as he could go, waiting for her to tighten around him.

Sure enough, she did, and El let out the loudest possible scream she could. "AUGH, FUCK!" She twitched, going limp as Will's dick was soaked in her juices, marinating in her love.

However, Will himself still wasn't done.

His sister went weak like jelly, but he still kept pistonning in and out of her, slapping the outer rim of her snatch, as she moved entirely due to the force of Will's motions.

Her arms and legs twitched weakly, her tits bounced up and down like she

was running, as she writhed, feeling the aftershocks and her twin's continuous, relentless pounding.

Finally, it was him to finish, and he buried himself all the way in, to the hilt, allowing El to finally slump over atop him.

Will sighed, laying his head back on her pillow as he felt the spurts of cum shooting into his twin's pussy. El herself lay there, weak-legged, before she finally mustered the strength to roll off, getting the covers up over them.

“Will...” El cooed, taking the position of little spoon. “I love you.”

Will smiled, looping his arms around her abdomen, pulling her closer. “I love you too.”

And... there she had it, she supposed. They'd fallen asleep quickly after that, then she woke up the next morning, unable to remember, before it came back.

El took a breath, finally getting out of bed.

She needed to talk to Will.

4. Chapter 4

Walking out of her room in nothing but a nightgown, El anxiously looked through the apartment, worried that Will mistook her need to think as her trying to push him away.

She would *never* do that to him. Not even if she found out he killed someone. She'd always be ready to accept him, no matter what.

Fortunately for her, Will was still there. And he was cooking breakfast. Not naked anymore '*Shame*,' El thought to herself, but he was there, at least.

She stood there, hanging onto the corner of the hallway, looking at him.

The rain was still coming down, punctuated by thunder.

"Morning." Will greeted her with a smile, and she felt her heart flutter. His smiles had a funny way of doing that before... but never to this extent. With that one act, everything had changed. "I would've gone out and got us something since it's the weekend, but..." He wordlessly gestured to the storm outside. "You want some eggs? Making some for me, so, you know, it's not a hassle."

El nodded, and he obliged, going to take a swig of Coke. The corners of her mouth twitched mischievously. "...if I recall, the only eggs you wanted last night were mine."

Will's eyes went wide, as he turned to the sink, barely able to keep from spitting out his drink in shock.

El laughed as he stumbled over himself, shaking her head.

"That was cruel," He wiped his face, "Just cruel."

"Oh, it was *funny*." She approached him, using the rag over the handle of the oven to wipe away the splattered soda on his chin. She looked up into his eyes, smiling.

"Uh..." Will gulped. "You're smiling, why are you smiling? Is there

something wrong?"

El laughed. "No, just you being stupid again, it's funny." She reached up, stroking his face, before giving him a quick peck on his lips.

Will stood there, frozen, before swallowing. "So... I guess that means that you're not mad at me?"

"Mad at *you*?" El asked incredulously. "I would nev- no, wait, yes, I would be mad at you for *many* things, but not this." She took his hand, smiling as she embraced him. "We've fought like hell, to survive to get to where we are now. What we did last night... it felt *right*." She lovingly leaned into him. "And you can't lie... you had to have realized things were going this way ever since we ran away together."

"I... I did." Will admitted. "But I didn't think it would be this soon... I've gotta tell you, it's kinda scary."

"Scary?" El tilted her head. "You and I ran away in a van that couldn't keep itself running, across god knows how many state lines, and *this* is the scary part? Hell, we practically eloped... just without the marriage part."

"Yeah," Will chuckled, moving around with her still on him even as he continued cooking. Perhaps that spoke to just how used to each other the two of them were, even with her trying to impede him, he still found a way to work with her filling his space and mind. "So... what do we do?" He asked.

"Well..." El thinned her lips. "We do need to talk about that."

One breakfast later, their brains were firing on all cylinders.

"...I don't think we should tell anyone." Will began. "Not that I'm ashamed, but... I don't want people burning down the house, you know?"

"...yeah." El nodded in agreement. "It sucks though. Some days I wished I wasn't your sister, but the reason *this* time is... funny."

Will snorted. “Yeah, it’s a freaking riot...” He leaned back. “I don’t think we have anything to worry about though... our only friends are those four, and I don’t think they’d go spreading shit around. I’d be more worried about them never wanting to talk to us again.”

“Yeah, so... I guess *this*,” She gestured to herself and him, barely clad in anything to preserve their modesty, “Is the new normal?”

“...I guess so.” The corner of Will’s mouth tilted up, as he pulled her close, looping an arm around her torso. “Still, I’m happy-”

El tilted her head. “I’m glad.”

“Because it means I don’t have to sleep on this goddamn futon anymore.” Will huffed, causing El to roll her eyes and lightly smack him.

She rested her head on his shoulder, and the two melted into each other, simply watching the TV and enjoying the newfound closeness they had.

For that long, blissful moment, nothing else mattered. It was just them, both feeling the blush of love.

And they were perfectly happy.